

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 54.—No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS
Day at Three.—The programme will include:—Overture to the New Oratorio, "The Resurrection" (G. A. Macfarren), first time at these concerts; Concerto in G minor (Mendelssohn); Symphony in C, "Jupiter" (Mozart); Overture, "Romeo and Juliet" (Tchaikowsky), first time in England. Vocalists—Miss Anna Williams, Signor Bettini. Solo Pianoforte—Mme Arabella Goddard (her first appearance since her return). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown. Area or Gallery Seats, unnumbered, One Shilling. Admission to Palace, One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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SESSION, 1876-7. FIRST MONTHLY MEETING, at 4.30 on MONDAY next, November 6. At 5 p.m. precisely, a Paper will be read by ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, Esq., F.R.S., on "The Sensitiveness of the Human Ear for Pitch and Change of Pitch of Notes in Music." Annual Subscription, One Guinea, NOW DUE, and payable to Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

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HERR HERMANN FRANKE'S SECOND CHAMBER-
MUSIO CONCERT, at LINGHAM HALL, Great Portland Street, TUESDAY, November 7, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalist—Mr Barton McGuckin. Violins—Herr Franke, Herr Van Praag. Violas—Herr Hollander and Mr Glover. Violoncellos—Herr Daubert and Mr Pettit. Pianoforte, Mme Haas. Conductor—Herr SAMSON. Programme: Quartet, F dur, Op. 59, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Herr Franke, Van Praag, Hollander, and Daubert; Gesang, Mr Barton McGuckin; Sonate, pianoforte and violin (Rheinberger)—Mme Haas and Herr Franke; Solo, Pianoforte, Prælude and Fuge (Mendelssohn)—Mme Haas; Sextet, B dur, Op. 18, two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (J. Brahms)—Herr Franke, Van Praag, Hollander, Glover, Daubert, and Pettit. Subscription, One Guinea. Single tickets, 6s. each; balcony, 2s. 6d. and One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street. Engagements can be made in London and the Country for this Quartet Party. Apply to Herr FRANKE, 1, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square. Herr Hermann Franke's Violin School, 1, Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square.

MR EDWARD LLOYD'S CONCERT TOUR.—
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MR BARTON MCGUCKIN (Tenor) begs to announce that he has Returned from Milan, and wishes that all Communications be addressed to 33, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, London, S.E.

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"Miss Elcho, who is achieving a success as a vocalist which promises to equal that which she has already gained as a pianist, gave an attractive concert at the music hall, Store Street, on Wednesday evening."—*The Choir*.

"On April 26, Miss Elcho gave a concert at the Store Street Rooms, chiefly with the object of coming before the public as a contralto vocalist. Miss Elcho has long been known as a pianist of great ability, and she now promises to take high rank as a vocalist, having a remarkably fine voice of full compass, which she uses with great taste and a considerable power of expression. Her audience were much gratified, and we have little doubt that their favourable verdict will be more than endorsed in the future."—*The Orchestra*.

"Miss Elcho sang several contralto songs agreeably."—*The Echo*.

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"Miss Elcho, well known as a pianist of merit, now comes forward as a contralto vocalist, and has every prospect of gaining a good reputation. The voice is of full rich quality, and the range very extensive, from D on the third line of the bass staff to B flat, or nearly three octaves; great power of expression may also be recognised. Miss Elcho, who has studied well, sang the cavatina from 'Ernani,' 'Ernani involami,' 'Mignon's Romance' ('Mignon'), which was encored; the Flower Song, from 'Faust'; Campana's 'Ave Maria'; and songs by Piusuti and Sullivan. The music, of course, was transposed to suit the contralto register. Miss Elcho, on the encore, sang the 'Brindisi,' from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' to old English words, and introduced cadences which were much applauded. Three rounds of applause greeted Miss Elcho at the conclusion of the concert."—*Musical Standard*.

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Sad sounds the harp now.	Many weary years ago.
Friendship, Love, and Wine.	Return of the Exile.
Let each speak of the world as he finds it.	Glory of the Grave.
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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

By the production of *Joconde*; or, *The Adventure Seekers*, Mr Carl Rosa taught all but the very few who were previously acquainted with the fact that a musical composer named Nicolo Isouard once lived. Possibly the enterprising manager did more, and excited a mild curiosity with regard to the man and his works, in which case a few biographical details will prove acceptable. Nicolo Isouard—better known in France by his Christian name alone—formed one of a group of musicians who came into the world about the middle of the last century, and chiefly distinguished themselves in opéra-comique between the advent of Napoleon and the overthrow of the restored Bourbons. The names of the rest were Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Cahel, and Boieldieu, two only of whom acquired what may be regarded as European fame. Nicolo was born at Malta in 1775—the year in which Boieldieu first saw the light—and made his *début* on the stage of the great world as a banker's clerk. In that capacity he snatched a musical education how and where he could, finally abandoning the desk of commerce for that of composition, and trying his "prentice han" at Florence upon an opera entitled *Avviso ai Maritati*. From Italy Nicolo went back to his native island, removing to Paris on the capture of Malta by the French, and there meeting Rodolphe Kreutzer, by whom he was much assisted. Nicolo's name first appears in the repertory of the Opéra-Comique under date 1801, when he produced *Le Tonnelier*. In 1802 it appears again, and again in 1803 and 1805, when *L'Intrigue aux Fenêtres* made him popular. Between the last-named year and 1811 Nicolo produced fourteen operas, many of which were written with more haste than judgment, the composer having scarcely a rival to dispute his sway or put him on his metal. In 1811, however, Boieldieu returned to Paris from a long residence at St Petersburg, and Nicolo was ousted from his position of leading favourite, after a struggle, amid the excitement of which he produced *Joconde* and other of his best works. Subsequently he gave way to habits of dissipation, and died in 1818, at the early age of forty-three, his rival surviving him sixteen years. *Joconde*, produced at the Feydeau, Feb. 20, 1814, a year after Auber's *début* with *Le Séjour Militaire*, is a choice example of the composer, who, anxious to checkmate Boieldieu, lavished upon it all his skill. Not only so, but it affords a conspicuous proof of the influence which Mozart at that time exercised over the French school. Only a few years previously Berton had introduced *Le Nozze di Figaro* to Paris, and every page of *Joconde* shows how powerfully that masterpiece affected Nicolo. Save, indeed, that the French opera does not bear the stamp of commanding genius which the German composer impressed on all his dramatic works, it might be signed by Mozart, page after page and scene after scene recalling his style and form. *Joconde* comes to us, therefore, with a certain historical interest, as marking both a personal and artistic episode in the annals of the French lyric stage.

The story of the opera has the merit of simplicity. A certain Count Robert and his friend Joconde, fancying that they are jilted by their respective fair ones, Mathilde and Edile, resolve to go forth in disguise, and make a raid upon the entire female sex. Dressed as troubadours, they begin by attacking a rustic maiden, Jeanette; but not only does the claim of the one clash with that of the other and lead to disagreeables, but the village beauty, aided by Mathilde and Edile, who have followed their lovers, also in disguise, outwits them both, and the village mayor puts them in the lock-up as rogues and vagabonds. This business gives vivacity and dramatic interest to the second act; the third being, of course, devoted to setting all things right, and spreading happiness over castle and cottage. As only the first act takes place in the Count's halls, the prevailing element is bucolic. Across a pastoral scene, where Strephon pipes to Chloe as she spins, ranges a couple of wolves, seeking whom they may devour, and getting caught in a trap which effectually spoils their game. All, therefore, is appropriately idyllic. There are trees, cottages, rustic bridges, dancers, beer barrels, jovial peasants, rural *fêtes*, plenty of ribbons, and much blowing of hautboys. An old-world simplicity pervades the scene, together with the flavour of the pastoral poetry in which our grandfathers delighted, and, really to harmonise with it, the audience should dress à la Watteau, and carry crooks. The music is quite in keeping. It contains nothing of the *Sturm und Drang* element which now-a-days seems to best agree with public taste. Rather does it suggest the precise and studied

elegance of the "pigtail and powder" school. An air of graceful repose prevails, and even in animated moments the life is carefully measured out, like poison in medicine. Nobody, therefore, will go to *Joconde* in search of excitement. On the other hand, if anybody has been too much stirred by *The Flying Dutchman*, Nicolo's opera may be recommended as an unfailing sedative, equivalent to a spell of quiet country life. *Joconde* is a corrective in another sense, as affording very agreeable proof that the dramatic music which satisfied a past generation has still a *raison d'être* in its own native and, let us hope, ineradicable charm. No reformer of the lyric drama, even with the power of twenty Wagners, can reason away the attraction of a beautiful melody, symmetrically developed and tastefully scored. He may gain the assent of our reason in the discussion forum, and convince us that such a thing is a crime against art; but, hearing it in the theatre, we cheerfully put ourselves among those who "know the right, yet still the wrong pursue." As long as this possibly very wicked yet, somehow, natural disposition lasts, *Joconde* will have admirers, for nearly all its music is charming. Nicolo's themes, ever appropriate, flow on with an easy grace that delights both ear and mind, while his orchestral and concerted music has a clearness and a play of modest colour that, in our times of glare and confusion, come like a breath of fresh air into a room heavy with perfume. For modern musical development we are bound to be thankful; but a well-known couplet in *Joconde* applies to art as well as love:—

"Et l'on revient toujours
A ses premières amours."

By the way, the familiar song of which these lines are the refrain—a song long known amongst us by the name of "We've lived and loved together"—stands very well as representative of the entire work. Its suavity, grace, and melodic attractiveness are found in an almost equal degree from the pretty opening duet to the last *finale*. This being the case, we need hardly state that Mr Rosa deserves thanks for the production of *Joconde*. The opera may not become naturalised among us, but as an occasional visitor it will surely meet with a welcome.

In speaking of the performance, credit is first due to Mr Santley for undertaking, and accomplishing with a measure of success unusual to inexperience, the task of preparing the English version of M. Etienne's libretto. If a better artist in tones than in words, Mr Santley has yet done that with words which is more than equal to the average of its kind. He cannot be congratulated with equal warmth upon his assumption of the title rôle. Mr Santley excels in such parts as the Water-Carrier and the Dutchman, but when he essays to be a court gallant he goes beyond his *métier*. Wherever he goes he makes himself welcome by his singing all the same, and his delivery of the air before mentioned may be cited as perfect. He was encored in this, and elsewhere applauded with heartiness. Miss Yorke as Mathilde and Miss Corani as Edile sang pleasantly, the second lady obtaining a special round of applause by her clever assumption of the gipsy character; while as Jeanette, Miss Gaylord played with a mingled archness and simplicity that established her in the favour of the audience. Mr Nordblom as Robert, Mr Turner as Lucas, Mr Stevens as Lysandre, and Mr Aynsley Cook as the Bailli—a part he assumed at short notice in consequence of Mr Lyall's illness—severally contributed to the strength of the cast. The chorus and orchestra were, as usual, quite equal to their work, and, under Mr Rosa's able direction, Nicolo's music received justice. There were unanimous calls for the principal performers after each act.—D. T.

HAMBURG.—*Aida* and *Der fliegende Holländer* have been alternating lately at the Stadttheater, and drawing good houses. M. Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *Nero*, is to be produced in March or April. The second season of the Hamburg Concert Union, which, under Herren Laube and Beständig, has so quickly assumed a high place in public estimation, was inaugurated by Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124. A new Cantata, by Rheinthal, "Gott, du bist mein Gott," for chorus and orchestra, constituted the first novelty of the evening, but produced no very deep impression. It was followed by Hopffer's ballad: "Pharao," also for chorus and orchestra. The latter composition, which is a great favourite here, was greeted with loud applause. The purely orchestral works were the Funeral March from *Die Götterdämmerung*, and Raff's Symphony: "Im Walde." The reception accorded to the former was very cold indeed. The Symphony fared better during the first three movements, but the last movement was less fortunate.

ANGELICA CATALANI.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY W. LACKOWITZ.*

(Continued from page 563.)

II.

Under the iron hoof of the god of war, art no longer, of course, found a home in Italy. Angelica accepted an extraordinarily favourable offer from Portugal. Dame Fame had carried the report of the fair young artist's victories over the waves of the blue Mediterranean to the fiery land of Spain, and, flying through the country of the Cid, descended in Lisbon. The Court there expended immense sums upon the maintenance of a grand Italian Operahouse, where Girolamo Crescentini was then singing. This had more to do than the brilliant terms offered with tempting Angelica to go; for, in her case, talent and industry kept pace with each other. She thought she might learn something from Crescentini, and, by her own confession, the five years of her residence in Lisbon, from 1801 to 1806, were indeed of the utmost importance to her subsequent career and fame. Girolamo Crescentini was one of the last of the castrati, not having died till the 24th April, 1846, at Naples. This is, perhaps, the place to say something of the strange and unnatural practice which once enjoyed such extraordinary popularity in connection with vocal art that the castrati used to return laden with immense wealth to Italy. In that country alone does the objectionable system appear to have been general, and only very rare cases occurred probably in Germany, England, and France. People imported their castrati from Italy, and paid their services with their weight in gold. We cannot, at the present day, form a correct notion of so strange a phenomenon; we must believe what contemporaries say regarding the wonderfully captivating singing and the incomparable virtuosity of the castrati. Yet it seems to have sprung, in the first place, from very natural causes, and to have been due to the state of ecclesiastical matters—a tolerably strange concatenation: the Christian Church and castration *ad honorem Dei*, even though we banish to the realms of anecdotes with no foundation in truth the story of the Papal bull which is said to have sanctioned the horrible custom. In the extraordinarily complicated musical compositions of the sixteenth century, we cannot help remarking the unusually deep register of the soprano and contralto parts, which could not easily be sung by boys. Such was really the case; the smaller power of conception possessed by boys could not enable them to master such complicated music, which required older and more experienced singers, and even the latter must sometimes have been sorely put to it. There were certain *alti naturali*, as they were called, not castrati, but men who, partly in consequence of their natural gifts, and partly in consequence of a peculiar development of the falsetto, were able to sing with ease into the soprano register. There was a large demand for such falsettists, and it did not diminish till the notation was simplified, and boys more advantageously employed. Women were not admitted to sing in churches—and vocal art existed nowhere else—if only because the choirs consisted of ecclesiastics, and people probably bore in mind the saying: Thou shalt not paint the Devil on the wall. When vocal art was further developed, and the concerted style kept making heavier and heavier demands upon the skill of the singers, a natural wish was experienced to preserve any specially good voice possessed by a clever singing-boy. This was to be accomplished only by rendering it impossible for the voice to break. Whether there are grounds for asserting that castrati existed even prior to the Christian era, in the time of Semiramis, or at some other period of hoary antiquity, is something which it would, probably, be difficult to prove. It is certain that they did not appear in modern vocal art before the fifteenth century. They are first mentioned, about the middle of the sixteenth century, as belonging to the Bavarian musical chapel. The first castrato in the Papal service is said to have been Girolamo Rossini, who, according to report, was, in 1611, installed at the express command of the Pope, and against the wish of the entire college of singers. Subsequently, it was in the Papal States, above all others, that the largest number of talented boys were subjected to the operation, but there was no more profitable calling than that of a singer; in the enjoyment derived from the new style of vocal art, people forgot everything, and the castrati

enjoyed the highest consideration among all classes. As far back, however, as 1647, Doni, a literary man of Rome, complained that the luxurious and effeminate breed of eunuchs was found in such superabundance, and that a single one among them received more than ten choirmasters and cantors combined. "They shovel up money to gormandise and feast to their hearts' content; they honour themselves highly, but others are nothing in their estimation; learned men are ridiculed by them, while they fancy that they themselves monopolise all musical science. Never, by heaven! have I met with so perverse and obstinate a class of persons." With regard to the accumulation of earthly goods, the worthy Doni was right enough, for Caffarelli actually purchased a small Italian duchy, though he continued to receive a high price, as usual, for singing, even in churches. As for arrogance, Francesco Bernardi, called Sesino, may serve as a deterrent example; it took all Handel's virile energy to hold the worthy castrati in check. But there were laudable exceptions. Among these "eunuchs or capons," there has been many a distinguished musician, who was not only an admirable singer, but likewise a sterling composer and celebrated singing-master. Such a one was Girolamo Crescentini.

He was born, in 1769, at Urbanio, in the States of the Church. When only in his twelfth year, he underwent the operation, for the purpose of preserving his beautiful voice. He was then transferred to the care of Sig. Gibelli, in Bologna. Under him he studied singing and music with the greatest assiduity for five whole years. Even during this period he was permitted by his master to try what he could do in short female characters at the theatre, and the youth's success was so great as to give promise even then of his future brilliant career upon the stage. When, during the Carnival of 1785, he came out at Leghorn, Padua, Venice, and Turin, he excited the public to such a pitch that they indulged in the most tumultuous demonstrations of delight. The power exerted upon the masses by his singing is said to have been something incredible, though vocal art had long passed its meridian altitude. He accepted an engagement in London, where he stopped sixteen months. He then returned to Italy, and consented to bind himself for two years to the San Carlo at Naples. He subsequently went to Vienna for a short period, and finally to Lisbon, where he achieved such success that his one-year's contract was forthwith extended to four years. At the expiration of the five years, he again returned to his native country, but soon set off for Vienna, where he was appointed singing-master to the Imperial family. Napoleon heard him there in 1805, and half persuaded, half compelled him to follow his own Imperial steps to Paris. The great Emperor soon became one of his most enthusiastic admirers, distinguishing him at every opportunity, and thus managing to hold him captive, so that, despite the French climate, which was not very favourable to his health, Crescentini remained in Paris till 1813. He now settled as a singing-master in Bologna, where he thought he had reached a haven of repose; but, in 1825, he was offered the post of first singing-master at the Naples Conservatory; and nowhere could he possibly have found a more extensive and more honourable field of exertion, or one where he could do more good. Held in high esteem by everyone, he continued here to his death, helping to educate the younger generation of artists. Several collections of Italian ariettas exhibit him favourably as a composer. His most celebrated work, *Raccolta d'Esercizj per il Canto*, is still valuable to students of singing. His voice is said to have been so unsurpassably beautiful and capable of such modulation, that, in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, he is reported to have caused even the iron Napoleon himself to shed tears. We can scarcely believe that man to have had such a moment of weakness. It is, furthermore, asserted that the world-renowned air, "Ombra adorata," in Zingarelli's opera above mentioned, an air which Crescentini sang most ravishingly, was his own composition. The fact cannot be proved, but even the mere assertion demonstrates that he must have been also a distinguished musician. Under these circumstances, we can easily understand that Angelica Catalani, in whose case talent and industry went hand in hand, accepted the brilliant offer from Lisbon principally because she thought she might learn a great deal there from Crescentini. And it is, moreover, probable that she really did learn a great deal from the distinguished castrato, and is deeply indebted to him for her subsequent celebrity.

(To be continued.)

* From the *Neus Berliner Musikzeitung*.

A CONCERT AT NANCY.

FAURE.

CHAPTER I.

(From the "Journal de la Meurthe et des Vosges.")

October 25.

Winter has brought back with it our intellectual enjoyments, and those of the theatre take precedence of the rest. The week on which we have just entered will be filled with a name, the name of Faure, a star of the first magnitude, around which gravitate others of less brilliancy, though, for all that, possessed of a very real value. Of these we will speak according to their order and their importance. Faure had never previously come to Nancy. This alone will give a notion of the interest excited by his concert. Those persons who had never heard him were determined not to let slip an opportunity, which might perhaps be their only one, of being present at a genuine art-festival. Those persons who, more fortunate, had frequently applauded Juan, Nevers, Hamlet, Nelusko, and Alphonse, were even more anxious to hear him. The house yesterday presented in consequence one of the most splendid sights ever beheld at Nancy. All the artists belonging to the Theatre, all the members of the orchestra, and all our professors of singing had rivalled each other in the race for seats. The boxes were occupied not only by inhabitants of Nancy, but by amateurs from Lunéville, Pont-à-Mousson, and all the other neighbouring towns. The house was filled from top to bottom. The fact is, that the degree of interest excited when we are listening to a singer whose powers are increased by the mighty glamour of dramatic action, by stage business and scenery, by splendour of costume, and by the orchestra, is very different from the interest accompanying the calm and reasoning examination of the qualities of a celebrated voice, considered by themselves, with regard to the development which they may have acquired from labour, observation, method, and science. We may sometimes, during the course of a performance, yield to unreflecting enthusiasm, and obey the allurements of the illusion caused by the fascination of the stage. In a concert there is nothing of the kind. The artist comes to us coldly, sedately, and in a dress coat. The hero vanishes, leaving only the virtuoso, who alone assumes the entire responsibility of exciting our interest. This latter, by being simplified, gives rise to delicate emotions, which are always sincere, and calls forth a verdict which is the more certain because the fact of its being restricted to the pleasures of hearing facilitates our attention.

Everyone has seen Faure, if only in a photograph. He is a tall, robust man, with a firm tread, a very frank expression, and a massive forehead, well shaped, but deprived of hair at the top. He always sings with his head raised and his shoulders well thrown back. M. Faure was determined that his qualities as a singer should be manifested in pieces differing absolutely in style and spirit. It needs all the authority now possessed by the celebrated artist to venture before a strange public on the interpretation of music which the vicissitudes of taste have rendered unfamiliar to the present generation. The grand air from Rossini's *Stège de Corinthe* is the Italian type generally given to test the competitors at the Conservatory examinations. Were these young people to hear Faure only once, it would be certainly worth a great deal of advice and a great many rehearsals. What masterly art of emission; what certainty in the support of the sound; in the fulness and equality of the respiration; what richness and what apparent simplicity of means in the specimens of vocalisation executed, from beginning to end, in a clear, full voice, according to the old method, now too neglected in our theatres! This air is assuredly one of the best which Rossini ever wrote, we do not say for the stage, but for a baritone voice. It is one of those airs in which full scope may be given to the brio of Italian art. With the grand air of *Zaire* it shares the character of being a kind of classical epitome, though under an invariably melodious form, of the principal difficulties of the singer's art, a fact explaining how little the execution of it is compatible with mediocrity. The specimens of vocalisation which used, some fifty years ago, to interrupt in some sort the dramatic interest of the recitative and of the air, have gradually disappeared from the modern repertory of the male singer on the stage, and in the course of a plot we are far from complaining that

such is the case. In a concert-room a brilliantly executed passage regains all its prestige. Virtuosity does not tire us; it is the instrument we have come to hear, and what would shock us would be the fact of this virtuosity not having assigned to it its due place. By choosing the air of the *Stège de Corinthe*, M. Faure was enabled to give us the measure of his style and method in broad, powerful, sustained, and dramatic theatrical singing. By so doing he skilfully obtained contrast, which is always happy in its effect, and of which, like the intelligent artist he is, he could not fail to profit, by falling back on our old and simple French school. It was with excellent taste, as well as with an excellent method, that Faure interpreted Nicolo's two complets, engraved in the reminiscences of our fathers: "Dans un Délire extrême." There was a contrast in the style and a contrast in the register of the voice which could not have escaped anyone. The air from the *Stège* is an air for an operatic baritone; that from *Jocunde* is an air written for Martin, in which the mixed notes are confined to the tenor register. It is in these regions that Faure's voice gains, from its perfect emission, and from the skilful location of its sounds under the vault of the palate, that charm which we must designate as unique, and which has powerfully contributed to establish the universal reputation now enjoyed by Faure as a singer. As for the notes of transition, always perilous, Faure plays with them with astonishing skill, not exempt from perfectly legitimate coquetry. He frankly grapples with what for anyone else would be most dangerous, without our ear suspecting any peril or fatigue for him. After hearing him, we do not know which we should admire most in his talent: the natural charm and range of his voice, the volume of the sound, or the ease with which it is emitted.

M. Faure presented himself to us under a third aspect, which is not the least interesting, that of a composer. This artist, whose biography we have already epitomised for our readers, composes music highly appreciated by singers. His melodies, always simple, are well written for the voice. "Les Rameaux" has made the round of France. How many more melodies might we not mention which are no less charming? "Les Myrtes sont flétries," "La Valse des Feuilles," and innumerable others. The general character of Faure's melodies is to be associated with elegant harmonies, which are not free from studied elegance, and in which we always find some indefinable and vague souvenir of the religious style. The striking melodies of large organs appear to have left an indelible impression on the memory of the choir-boy after he has become a celebrated virtuoso. Is it necessary that I should point out the preference shown for sustained notes, pedal notes, *enjambements*, and, in a word, all the peculiarities belonging to one who has long handled the organ and is fond of its style? "Les Rameaux," in which the singer finds an opportunity for displaying the whole range of his astonishing voice, is a remarkable example of this. With it we might cite, for the same reason, "La Marche vers l'Avenir." After hearing Faure yesterday, in "Les Rameaux," the audience desired to hear him again. They had made him repeat the air from *Jocunde*; they had made him recommence the last couplet of "Le Crucifix"; they asked him to give them "Les Rameaux" once more. He complied with all their exactions like an artist who strives to rival in a contest of courtesy those who applaud him. After "Les Rameaux"—it was his last piece—he was re-called with enthusiastic shouts and stamping of feet, such as we have not heard these last five years at Nancy for any artist. Such an ovation is a very real encouragement for a virtuoso to return to a provincial audience so eager for deep emotions. We rejoice at this, both for M. Faure and for the city of Nancy.

(To be continued.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Herr Götz's opera, *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

CASSEL.—Herr Kömpel, a former pupil of Spohr's, gave here recently, in conjunction with several other eminent artists from Weimar, two Concerts of Chamber Music for the benefit of the Spohr Monument. Both concerts were highly successful. The programmes included four compositions by Spohr, together with, on the first evening, a Stringed Quartet, Op. 65, D major, by Haydn, and, on the second one, Op. 18, A major, by Beethoven. Of Spohr's compositions, two were the Stringed Quartets, Op. 45, E minor, and Op. 68, A major. Middle Elizabeth Rickoldt, of Weimar, played very efficiently the piano part in Spohr's Trio, Op. 119, and the same master's Quintet, Op. 130.

RAMEAU.*

(Continued from page 552.)

Such was the desirable sphere in which Rameau moved a few years after his return and his definite settlement in Paris. However, despite his relations with De la Popelinière, and despite the latter's friendly feelings towards him, he could not soften the rigour or the inertness of dramatic authors of repute, and obtain from any one of their number the opera-libretto which he so ardently desired. Owing to this unwillingness on the part of those who usually wrote works of this kind, Voltaire, at the earnest solicitation of the financier, at length consented to trace such a work out for the musician, and entrusted him with that of an opera entitled *Samson*, which Rameau lost no time in setting to music. But a fresh disappointment awaited him. Out of hatred for Voltaire, the devotees pretended to be greatly irritated at his audacity in placing on the stage a subject taken from Holy Writ. Whether their rage was sincere or no, they succeeded all the same in preventing the performance of *Samson* at the Opéra, a fact subsequently stated by Voltaire in the "notice" placed by him at the head of the work:—

"M. Rameau, the greatest musician in France, set this opera to music about the year 1732. It was on the eve of being played, when the same cabal which afterwards caused the performances of *Mahomet*; or, *Fanaticism*, to be stopped, prevented the opera of *Samson* from being acted. While the subject was allowed to appear on the stage of the Comédie-Italienne, and Samson was performing miracles there conjointly with Harlequin, it was not allowed to be ennobled on the stage of the Académie de Musique. The musician has since employed nearly all the airs of *Samson* in other lyrical compositions, which envy has not been able to suppress."†

It may easily be imagined that such an occurrence was well calculated to dishearten Rameau. After ten years devoted to efforts of all kinds in Paris, he was shipwrecked at the very moment of entering port, and had grounds for believing in the eternity of his ill-luck as regarded his desire to do something for the stage. His patron, however, resolved on once more trying Fortune in his favour. To attain his object, La Popelinière applied to the Abbé Pellegrin, a now legendary author, to whom we owe that masterpiece, *L'imitation de Jésus Christ mise en cantiques sur des airs d'opéras et des vaudevilles choisis et notés*, and of whom it was jokingly said:—

"Le matin catholique et le soir idolâtre,
Il dîne de l'autel et soupe du théâtre."

The last work, *Jephté*, which Pellegrin had produced at the Opéra had just obtained a brilliant success, though, it is true, more especially on account of Montéclair's music. Pellegrin required some pressing, though he at length consented, but on one condition: having no guarantee of Rameau's ability, dramatically speaking, he insisted on the composer's signing a bill for fifty pistoles to be forfeited in case, through his fault, the opera proved a failure. Rameau consented, and signed the document. A short time afterwards, Pellegrin handed him the book of a five-act opera, with a prologue, entitled *Hippolyte et Aricie*, the subject of which he had taken from Racine's *Phèdre*.

IV.

Rameau had now attained the summit of his wishes. He set to work without delay, and soon finished the score. La Popelinière then got up a performance of it in his town-house, before the intelligent and select audience accustomed to meet there. Pellegrin, as a matter of course, was present. It is only an act of justice to state that he at once perceived the value of his collaborator's labours. After the execution of a piece which had particularly struck him, he rose precipitately from his seat, and, traversing the theatre, went up to Rameau, who was directing the orchestra, and said, in the hearing of everyone: "Sir, when a man writes music like yours, no forfeit money is required." With these words, he tore up the bill which Rameau had given him. We may observe that, in acting thus, Pellegrin showed his acuteness, for, with the general public, it was a long time before the success of *Hippolyte et Aricie* was an established fact, and at first the work was unfavourably received. It was, however, accepted at the Opéra, and

the parts given out. The principal personages were assigned to Mdlle Pélissier (*Aricie*), Mdlle Antier (*Phèdre*), Mdlle Monville (*Enone*), Mdlle Petitpas, Tribou (*Hippolyte*), Chassé (*Thésée*), Dun, et Jélyotte, the first performance taking place on the 1st October, 1733. The following are the terms in which the *Mercur* speaks of the event:—

"The Académie Royale de Musique gave on the first of October the first representation of the new tragedy, entitled: *Hippolyte et Aricie*. The poem is by the Chevalier Pellegrin, and the music by M. Rameau. The former gentleman is already known by several popular works, and the latter has proved by his first effort in this style of music that he can equal the greatest masters. The favourable reception accorded by the public to the opera justifies the hope that the latter will be frequently performed. . . . The music was found somewhat difficult of execution, but, thanks to the skill of the symphonists and the other musicians, the difficulty did not prevent the execution. The principal artists, both singers and dancers, surpassed themselves. Demoiselle Petitpas distinguished herself by warbling like a nightingale, and her voice never before travelled such a distance. The poet has not proved false to his former works, and the musician has compelled the most severe critics to admit that, in his first lyric effort, he has offered us manly and harmonious music, of a new character. We wish we could give an extract, as we do for the poem, and render evident its learned nature as regards expression in the character airs, the tableaux, the felicitous and well sustained intentions, such, for instance, as the chorus and the hunt in the fourth act; the entrance of Cupids in the prologue; the thunder chorus and symphony; the gavotte-parody sung by Demoiselle Petitpas in the first act; the Infernal Regions of the second act; the terrible representation of the Fury with Thésée, and the chorus, &c. In the third act, the monologue of Thésée, his invocation of Neptune, and the murmuring of the waves. The monologue of Phèdre in the following act. That of Aricie in the fifth, the sheepfold, &c."

It is certain that the public were struck by the character of novelty distinguishing *Hippolyte et Aricie*, from a musical point of view, but it is no less certain that this element clashed so much with their usual ideas that they were at first singularly insensible to the beauties scattered through the score. It is hardly possible to entertain a doubt on the subject, notwithstanding what is asserted by the *Mercur*. The public perceived that they had to do with an artist of a vigorous and exceptional stamp, but the majority manifested a feeling of hostility to the new work, and criticised it furiously. We have a proof of this in the sorrowful observation made by Rameau. Disappointed at the little favour shown to his work, he exclaimed, in a fit of despondency, a few days after the first performance: "I have made a mistake. I thought my taste would prevail, but this is not so. I have no other, however, and I shall write no more operas." Satires, pamphlets, and epigrams were showered upon the work and its author. Here is a specimen of this amiable style of literature:—

"Si le difficile est beau,
C'est un grand homme que Rameau;
Mais si le beau, par aventure,
N'était que la simple nature,
C'est un pauvre homme que Rameau."*

Musicians, however, were not deceived, and the most intelligent among them were not the least enthusiastic. Evidence of this is afforded by the sincere reply made by Campra, who, on being questioned by the Prince de Conti on the real value of the music in *Hippolyte et Aricie*, replied without hesitation: "This score contains materials for ten such operas as we are accustomed to write; believe me, Monseigneur, that man will eclipse us all."

* With regard to the manner in which Rameau's work was at first received, we have the unequivocal testimony of Maret, his colleague in the Dijon Academy. In his *Eloge* read to that body, Maret said: "Scarcely was the curtain raised before a dull noise was heard in the pit. This sound, which kept increasing, soon announced to Rameau the most unmistakable failure. It must not, however, be supposed that all the spectators took part in such an unjust verdict, but those who had no interest, save that of truth, could not then comprehend what they heard, and their silence, dictated by prudence, delivered up the musician to the fury of his foes." These latter were the Lullists, rabid partisans of old formulas and traditional moulds, who were determined to chastise the innovator for his audacity. Further on, Maret adds: "The performances of *Hippolyte* became gradually better attended, and less tumultuous; applause drowned the cries of a cabal, which grew weaker every day; and, the most decided success having crowned his efforts, the author was excited to fresh ones."

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† Printed in the edition of his writings published in 1752.

‡ Especially in *Zoroastre*, performed in 1749.

Campra was a prophet. If, too, Rameau had at first detractors, he soon gained partisans. Some happy changes introduced into the new work, after a few performances, were favourably received. The public, also, when they had heard the score several times, became accustomed to the beauties which had at first surprised them in it, and its success at last assumed brilliant proportions. In a word, despite its enemies, *Hippolyte et Aricie* enjoyed, after the preliminary indecision on the part of the public, a long and splendid career. With his usual taste, Adam has determined the value of the work and the importance of the novelties which Rameau allowed himself to introduce. Long as is the analysis made by Adam, I do not hesitate quoting it here, so exact and so full of interest is it:—

"Among those who continued the style of Lulli, there were men of talent, but there was no genius possessing creative powers. They all followed nearly step by step the footsteps of the great musician, then regarded as a model never to be surpassed. Campra, Colasse, Desmarets, de Blamont, and even Mouret, though endowed with greater freshness of ideas than his professional brethren, wrote for the voice and arranged the instruments exactly as Lulli had done forty years earlier. We have the same model for the overtures, recitals, scenes, and dance-airs. The melodies differed, but the plan of the modulations, the harmony, and the accompaniments was the same. Rameau changed almost everything. His recitative was less simple, and more loaded with dissonances; his airs, more strongly marked; his rhythms, varied, and nearly always new. For the nearly always slow movements he substituted others, brisk and animated; but what created particular astonishment was the novelty and unexpectedness of the modulation, the power of the harmony, and the instrumental combinations. With Lulli, as with his successors, almost the whole of the score was written for stringed instruments and five parts; the wind instruments appeared only to double the strings in the *tutti*, and to play alone, divided into families of flutes or of oboes, in the ritornellos of not more than a few bars. Rameau abandoned this system. He brought in the flutes, oboes, and bassoons, without interrupting the course of the symphony, giving, as he did so, an independent and distinct part to each instrument, assigning to each a different character; in a word, first attempting what has been done constantly since. Had he studied this plan in Italy or had he hit upon it himself? This is a point which wants clearing up. As it is only in some pieces of the opera that he employs the plan, while in others he retains the old method, it is a question whether this groping in the dark was dictated by timidity attendant on attempting something entirely new, or by the fear which may have been occasioned by the incapability of the executants."

(To be continued.)

KÖNIGSBERG.—Mad. Pauline Lucca will sustain the parts of Margarethe, Frau Fluth, and Cherubino, in *Faust*, *Die lustigen Weiber*, and *Le Nozze* respectively at the Stadttheater in February.

BAYREUTH.—The assertion that the *Ring des Nibelungen* is to be repeated next year is open to grave doubts. It is true that the Corporation have offered to make good the pecuniary deficit of 60,000 marks resulting from the Festival Performances in August, but only on condition that Herr Wagner shall produce in 1877 at his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre six operas, namely: *Fidelio*, *Olympia*, *Jessonda*, *Öberon*, *Don Juan*, and *Tannhäuser*, on the same "model" style as that in which the Trilogy was got up, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter. The price of a pit-seat for the series is to be 100 marks.

* There can be no doubt that it was the inefficiency of the artists which caused this first hesitation on the part of Rameau. The contemporary evidence on the point is abundant. I will cite merely the following, which I take from the long reflections published on Rameau by De Croix in his book, *L'Ami des Arts, ou Justification de plusieurs grands hommes* (Amsterdam, 1776, 12mo):—"He had, so to speak, to create new musicians to execute his early operas. The symphonists of those days, accustomed to the diatonics of Lulli and his imitators, fancied they were transported into another region when they saw the tragedy of *Hippolyte*, filled with bold, manly touches, and a system of harmony previously never adopted. The author was forced to overcome their repugnance, and oblige them to be adepts in despite of themselves. That the orchestra of the Academy of Music is justly admired by connoisseurs is a fact for which we are indebted to Rameau." It is right, however, to remark that, if he wrote in a difficult style for the violins, Rameau, as a violinist, set down for them only what was practicable and perfectly correct. De Croix, whom I have quoted, is the publisher of the collection of Voltaire's works, known as the "Kehl Edition," and the author of the notice on Rameau inserted in the *Biographie Michaud*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

The first concert of Mr Hallé's nineteenth season was given last Thursday evening. These concerts are, as you are aware, the most famous and the most popular musical institution of the city; for, though undertaken by an individual, they may fairly be considered an institution. Before their establishment, the symphonies of the great masters, and other classical works, could only be heard at the Gentlemen's Concerts, for which tickets, then as now, could never be bought. Mr Hallé has a very large subscription-list; the Free Trade Hall—a capacious and handsome room, though not precisely a model concert hall—is nearly always crowded, and sometimes too small to accommodate the number of applicants for tickets. The programme of last Thursday's concert was very attractive, and the excellence of the orchestral performance could not have been more enthusiastically recognised had it been previously unknown. Among the music given were Beethoven's C minor symphony, Mendelssohn's D minor Pianoforte Concerto—how Mr Hallé plays this work your readers do not require to be told—Weber's *Der Freischütz* overture, some charming ballet music by Rubinstein, and a minuet by Boccherini. Mr Hallé also played a Valse Caprice, by Schubert and Liszt. Mdle Redeker, a German lady, new to Manchester, the only singer of the evening, was heard with pleasure, especially in Schubert's "Wanderer," a song not often undertaken by a lady. This week *The Creation* will be given at these concerts, with Mdme Nouver, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli as the solo singers.

On Saturday evening there was another crowded audience in the Free Trade Hall, when Mr De Jong gave his second concert. He too had a very attractive programme, including well-known overtures, dance music, and orchestral arrangements of operatic music. In addition to these orchestral pieces, Mr Lloyd's concert troupe sang ballads both new and old. The party includes Mdme Edith Wynne, a lady whose popularity here has never diminished since she sang Welsh songs, as a child, in this very hall; Mdme Antoinette Sterling, whose marked individuality of style never fails to impress; Mr Lewis Thomas, who, by the length of his valuable services to musical art, might be called a veteran, if his vigorous appearance and the condition of his voice did not forbid such an epithet; and Mr Lloyd himself, who is always as welcome in Manchester as he deserves to be. Mr Lindsay Sloper played a pianoforte solo, and was much applauded.

There was a very agreeable concert at the Concert Hall—the second of the Gentlemen's Concerts—on Monday evening. A *Suite* by Lachner, Beethoven's Violin Concerto—splendidly played by M. Wieniawski—the overture to *Tannhäuser*, a Concert Overture by Osborne, who also gave Ernst's Hungarian Fantasia; a Hungarian Dance by Brahms, and vocal music by Mdle Redeker and Signor Foli, were included in the programme.

Mr Ernst Pauer is giving a course of weekly lectures at the Royal Institution, on "The History of the Literature of the Clavecin and Pianoforte," with musical illustrations. The first lecture, delivered last Tuesday, was very well attended.

Manchester, November 1, 1876.

PROVINCIAL.

SUNDERLAND.—A short Italian operatic season has been inaugurated by Mr Claire at the Theatre Royal, and liberally patronised by the inhabitants. One of the features of the performances has been the appearance of Miss Emma Hewson, a young Australian lady. The part chosen for the event was Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Juan*. Miss Hewson acquitted herself very well of her by no means easy task, her rendering of "Vedrai carino," being especially applauded. The second character selected by her was that of Violetta in *La Traviata*. Again was she successful, and more than confirmed the favourable impression she had created on the previous evening. Sig. Bentami was much applauded as Alfredo.

ONCE more has the lyric stage lost a fair artist through marriage. Mdle Billange, a young lady belonging to one of the first families in Nantes, made an engagement with M. Carvalho to appear at the Paris Opéra-Comique. Having, however, made another engagement of a hymeneal character previous to her *début*, she begged M. Carvalho to let her off the first one, and that gentleman kindly complied with her wish.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

NINETEENTH SEASON, 1876-7.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the CONCERTS of the NINETEENTH SEASON will take place as follows, viz.:-

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1876.	MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1877.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1876.	MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1877.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1876.	MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1877.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1876.	MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1877.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1876.	MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1877.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1876.	MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1877.
MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 1877.	MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1877.
MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1877.	MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1877.
MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1877.	MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1877.

Seventeen Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, November 11, 18, 25, December 2, 9, and 16, 1876, January 13, 20, 27, February 3, 10, 17, 24, March 3, 10, 17, and 24, 1877.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seat at each performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription tickets for the whole series of 18 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, November 6, to March 26, the charge for which will be £4 for each sofa stall.

Subscription tickets are also issued for the 17 Morning Concerts at 43 18s., extending from Saturday afternoon, November 11, to March 24; also for the seven Morning Concerts, taking place on Saturdays, January 13, 20, 27, and February 3, 10, 17, and 24, at £1 10s.

Madame Norman-Néruda will appear at these concerts on Monday evenings, November 13, 20, 27, and December 4; also on Saturday afternoons, November 18, 25, December 2 and 16.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann will appear on Monday evening, November 6, and on Saturday afternoon, November 11.

Herr Straus will be the violinist on Mondays, November 6 and December 11; also on Saturday afternoons, November 11 and December 9.

Mr Charles Halle will be the pianist on Mondays, November 13 and 20, and on Saturdays, November 18 and 25.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions; Herr L. Ries will hold the post of second violin; Herr Straus or Mr Zerbini will play viola; Mr Lazarus, clarinet; Mr J. Winterbottom, bassoon; Mr Wendtland, French horn; Mr Reynolds, double bass; Sir Julius Benedict or Mr Zerbini officiating as accompanists for the whole season.

Mme Schumann, Mlle Marie Krebs, Herr Barth, Mr Franklin Taylor, and Herr Joachim will appear after Christmas.

Mr Sims Reeves will be the vocalist on Saturday afternoon, November 11.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1876.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.	
OCTETT in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, double bass, clarinet, French horn, and bassoon—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, WENDTLAND, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI	Schubert.
SONG—Mlle REDEKER.	
PRELUDE and FUGUE in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
SONATA in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for pianoforte and violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Signor PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG—Mlle REDEKER.	
QUARTET in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Haydn.
Conductor	Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Mendelssohn.
RECIT., "Deeper and deeper still" } Mr SIMS REEVES.	Handel.
AIR, "Wait her angels" }	
ETUDES EN FORME DE VARIATIONS, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN	Schumann.
ROMANCE, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr STRAUS	Maz Bruch.
SERENADE, "Awake, awake"—Mr SIMS REEVES, with violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI	Piatti.
TRIO in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI	Schubert.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Chappell & Co.'s, 60, New Bond Street.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th September, at St Saviour's, South Hampstead, by the Rev. J. C. Hose, UNWIN SOWTER, of Derby, to CLARA MARIA, third daughter of Henry Smart, of 30, King Henry's Road, London.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

WE last week favoured our readers with the commencement of an article in which Herr Heinrich Porges conveyed to the outward world the impressions produced upon him by the rehearsals of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, and his vaticinations as to the startling results which must necessarily follow that great work. We now give the remainder of the glowing panegyric, which increases in enthusiasm as it proceeds. *Vires acquirit eundo*. Here it is:—

"A combined effect of a peculiar kind, surpassing even that of the celebrated Swan Chorus in *Lohengrin*, has been obtained by R. Wagner in the scene where Hagen summons the vassals to the nuptials, and where they flock in from all sides. The author has here succeeded in employing the resources of art in such a manner that all thoughts vanish from our mind as to its being a creation of art, and not absolute reality which is before us. The observations and rejoinders interchanged, with the most unfettered freedom among the vassals, cannot, strictly speaking, be considered as belonging to the regular chorus style; the fullest independence of each separate individuality constitutes the principle of the scene. There reigns, moreover, throughout the whole such massive strength that we fancy the old Germans have risen again, and are standing before us in the shape of which the celebrated description bequeathed by Tacitus has left us a picture. The execution of this scene, the like of which has never been previously known, is confided mostly to solo-singers, and the leading members of the choruses belonging to the theatres at Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, while Herr Seidl, a young conductor, and one of the musicians who have assisted the master in the multifarious preparatory measures and labours necessary for the production of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, has superintended the studies of this, musically speaking, enormously complicated organism, and obtained a thoroughly admirable result. The appearance, moreover, of the vassals possesses more than mere material significance; it has an important bearing in the entire further development of the action. We immediately experience the feeling that we are entering the sphere of public life, and the crowd of beings, taken as a whole, standing before us, constitutes, as it were, materially embodied conscience, which, with relentless severity, always punishes every offence against right and morality. When now Brünnhilde, conducted by Gunther, enters this new world, with which she has been previously unacquainted, recognises Siegfried, and finds herself entangled in wonderful perplexity, it seems as if we had reached the point where the drama within the drama begins. Besides here proving that he belongs to the great tragic writers of every period, that he must be assigned a place as the equal of Æschylus and Shakspeare, R. Wagner demonstrates, by his way of arranging and carrying out the scene, that he is gifted with the wonderful faculty of realising as an artist what he has intended as an author. With the constraining energy peculiar to great genius alone, he is able to urge on the actors to exert their natural gifts to the utmost possible limit. Outbursts of such annihilating force, and so truthful as to forbid any thought of mere semblance, have seldom probably been witnessed on the stage. A person need but have seen how the master, with the glance of a general surveying an army, can combine, all apparent absence of purpose notwithstanding, into one uniform general picture the movements of individuals swayed by such varied feelings, to conclude that the thought of Greek

tragedy being born again through the agency of Richard Wagner is only the simple expression of the real fact.

"The music of the three Daughters of the Rhine in the third act is so admirably sung by Mdlles Lilly and Marie Lehmann and Madlle Lammert, that these young ladies have earned a special eulogium for the perfection of what they do. Both in the unflinching precision of their concerted singing (even where the intonation is incredibly difficult) and in their characteristic manner of giving the solo portions, they are faultless.—And what an animated picture is presented to us when Siegfried again meets his hunting companions, Gunther and Hagen, and when, after their loud simultaneous greeting, they lie quietly about in peaceful calm. I am silent as to the fearful impression which the murder of Siegfried by Hagen produces; we should be annihilated by it had not the author been enabled by the greatness of his art to overcome even the horrors of death. When the vassals bear Siegfried's corpse over the mountain top, and the moon, bursting through the clouds, illumines the funeral procession, the sight of which causes us to feel as though it were not a question of the death of one man, but of that particular man who once stood before us as the ideal of humanity—this feeling, affecting us in the profoundest recesses of our souls, is expressed by the composer in the mourning music with which he has raised to his hero a monument more enduring than brass. *Monumentum are perennius.*—The following scenes where Guttrune's anxious presentiments cause our heart to cease beating in our breast, where the affrighted men and women rush in on the arrival of Siegfried's corpse, and where we see developed with the quickness of lightning the new catastrophe of Gunther's assassination by Hagen—all this the master represents with such life-like truthfulness, that we are seized with feverish excitement. Brünnhilde sweeps past, and her words suffice to dissolve the spell which holds us captive. In what Richard Wagner has here fashioned as a dramatist, in what he has uttered as a poet, and what he has expressed in tone as a musician, we cannot help seeing one of the sublimest revelations which have ever been made to the world by art, or which, indeed, ever can be made to it. Here, where the spirit of him who was the ancestor of every great tragic writer, where Æschylus, with all his sternness and terrible seriousness, seems to be speaking to us, and where our heart trembles in painfully-sweet rapture, consequent on the voluntary abdication of aught like free will—the composer, after grasping together in his strong hand all the seemingly antagonistic emotions, has raised so towering and gigantic an edifice that we fancy the stage must have expanded into the universal All. Of the moving and elevating impression made by the last episode, anticipating the end of the world itself, where Brünnhilde, upon her steed Grane, leaps into the heaped-up funeral pile, and the Götterburg stands out against the sky as it is being consumed by the flames, all the persons engaged in the performance were so affected that their profound emotion, after a period of respectful silence, burst forth into the most enthusiastic cheers as a tribute of homage paid to the immortal author of the work. The storm of enthusiasm which forced its way from the inmost soul of everyone of them was not to be appeased until the Master addressed them in his simple but expressive manner, to the following effect: 'We have surmounted the first trials. We must accomplish a truly heroic feat in the short time still before us. If we succeed in doing what as I now already see we shall do, we may well say: we have achieved something great. I heartily thank you all.'—And herewith let this notice conclude; may the description it contains of what has been effected up to now be attended by the right result, and diffuse the conviction that in this matter are, of a truth, involved the highest intellectual possessions of humanity."

It is lucky that the exigencies of time or space compelled Herr Heinrich Porges to terminate his ecstatic gush where he did. He could not possibly have kept up to the same giddy height of eulogistic idolatry, which, however sincere, must sorely tax his literary powers, for language is scarcely able to express the intensity of feeling which animates him. Wagner the equal of Shakspeare and Æschylus! The concluding scenes in the Trilogy among "the sublimest revelations which have ever been made to the world of art, or which, indeed, ever can be made to it"—mark, Reader:

"ever can be made to it!" Well, there is nothing like going the whole—we mean: Herr Heinrich Porges may be right, and Dr Hanslick may be wrong. Time will decide. Meanwhile, when reading the almost hysterical utterances of the former gentleman, we cannot help applying to him a new version of what Hamlet's Mother says of the Player-Queen: "Herr Porges protests too much, methinks." N. V. N.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

In his *Life of Father Mathew*, Mr Maguire tells us that, when a young man, the great Apostle of Temperance assisted Father Donovan in a chapel at Cork. The congregation were too poor to pay for an organ, and Donovan frequently expressed his regret at the deprivation. One day, however, he informed Father Mathew with great delight that he had secured the services of some one possessing a barrel-organ which played "Adeste Fideles," and "The Sicilian Mariners' Hymn," two pieces which could be fittingly introduced at Mass and also at Vespers. The Sunday fraught with anticipated triumph arrived. The organ and its operator were in the little chapel, and Father Donovan was keeping a vigilant eye upon both. Nothing could be a more decided success than the "Adeste." Many besides Father Donovan thought it heavenly. Nor was the effect lessened by the plaintive sweetness of the "Sicilian Mariners' Hymn." Tears of rapture stood in Father Donovan's eyes. It was a moment of unalloyed triumph such as mortals rarely experience in this life. The last gospel was just being read by the celebrant, Father Mathew, when the operator commenced the third air. But—horror of horrors!—instead of being one of those gentle and pious strains which lift the soul to Heaven in a flood of lovely melody, out rattled a too well-known air, entitled "Moll in the Wad." It would be impossible to describe the bewilderment of the congregation or the rage and confusion of poor Father Donovan at this scandal, which nearly threw him into a fever from shame and humiliation. His friends were thenceforth rather cautious in their allusions to barrel-organs.

FAURE AT RHEIMS.

(From the Paris "Evénement.")

Notre correspondant de Rheims nous adresse les lignes qui suivent:—

"Faure nous a charmés pendant une trop courte soirée. Nous sommes encore sous l'impression enchanteresse de cette voix et de ce talent incomparables. Tous les morceaux ont été bissés au milieu des acclamations enthousiastes.

"Les sœurs Badia ont aussi charmé le public. Kettan, au brillant doigté; Liboton, le violoncelliste distingué entre tous; Musin, le violoniste; Félix Lévy, Alfred Le Beau, composaient le brillant écrivain réuni par les soins de M. Jarrett, l'administrateur de ces soirées mémorables. Honneur et merci à lui. Puisse-t-il se souvenir de l'accueil fait à sa brillante compagnie!"

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

During the past week Mr Mapleson's opera company have been at the Theatre Royal. *Faust*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata* were given, with Miss Emma Abbott, Mdlle Valleria, Mdlle Bauermeister, Signori Gillandi, Dorini, Galassi, Rinaldini, Broccolini, &c., as principals. The chief stars, Mdlle Tietjens and Mdme Trebelli, who until Friday had been singing at the Bristol Festival, were necessarily reserved until the last night, when *Don Giovanni* was given, with the ladies named as Donna Anna and Zerlina, Mdme Marie Roze filling the part of Elvira. That these artists fully sustained their reputation will be readily understood; and it was satisfactory to find that the rumour which had been circulated as to the ill-health of the great German *prima donna* was utterly unfounded, the slight cold contracted in a draughty Manchester theatre having disappeared a week previously, and Mdlle Tietjens was in magnificent voice. The subordinate parts were undertaken by Signori Gillandi, Del Puente, Broccolini, Zoboli, and Herr Behrens; Signor Li Calsi officiating as conductor, with a band and chorus susceptible of improvement. D. H.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The gifted American *prima donna* has found, on returning from her recent visit to America, that she is as popular as ever, nay, if possible, even more popular, among her Hungarian and Teutonic admirers. Before entering upon her regular duties at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, she fulfilled a short starring engagement at the Nationaltheater, Pesth. Public and Press were in raptures with her. The *Pesther Lloyd* says in an article on M. Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet*:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck sang the part of Ophelia. We have already had occasion to direct attention to her truthfulness of expression, her invariably characteristic tone-colouring, and her dignified style of acting, but of what she has now done we can speak in terms of even higher praise. She has made still further progress, and rendered herself more thoroughly mistress of the part, which, as the composer created it, is not always an easy one. By various new gradations of light and shade, she captivates her hearers more than ever. We will mention only the first scene; what follows is still more surprising. We can simply say that in the second act, in the trio of the third, and in the concluding scene, her performance quite carried one away, while for a musical ear the purity of her intonation was an additional and delightful boon."

Speaking of Miss Minnie as the heroine in Verdi's *Aida*, the same critic observes:—

"To-day's playbills announced that to-night would be the last appearance of our most popular visitor, Miss Minnie Hauck; she was to close her short engagement as *Aida*, and take leave of a public who are deeply devoted to her. The house, consequently, was crammed in every nook and corner, and her reception an enthusiastic one. The audience had assembled for the purpose of expressing towards the creatress of Mignon and *Aida* the highest appreciation which that supreme judge called the Public can manifest for an artist. By her admirable performances, breathing the soul of poetry, Miss Minnie Hauck has gained a far-spread reputation, no small share in which belongs to the Buda-Pesth public, who, immediately grasping the fair artist's peculiarities, were capable of properly estimating her rich talent, and, by this means, contributed to the undeniable progress of a lady who derives fresh life and fresh strength for greater efforts from the impression she produces upon her hearers. Thus her *Aida* is now a greater and a more successful picture than it was, and the details are more strongly marked, while, with regard to all that nature and art can effect—a handsome appearance, plasticity of movement, and charming tone-colouring—everything to-day is more glowing and, therefore, more irresistible. Of the many separate beauties in her performance we will mention particularly the duet with Amneris, that with Amonasro, and that with Radames. We must confess that her performance, taken as a whole, well deserved the marvellously beautiful and gigantic wreath which was thrown to her, and the remaining flowery tribute."

The Berliners were quite as enthusiastic as the inhabitants of the Hungarian capital. To this fact the *Kreuzzeitung* bears witness, when it writes:

"The crowded and brilliant house at the first appearance of Miss Minnie Hauck, on her return to the Royal Opera, testified unmistakably to the power of attraction which the lady exercised so magnetically last season, especially among the higher classes of the capital. . . . Step by step has Miss Minnie Hauck gained the favour of opera-goers. The reader will remember that, on the occasion of her first appearance here (it was in Thomas's *Mignon*), the Operahouse was scarcely half full. But, with each successive part, the number of the paying public increased, and, when the lady returned last autumn, engaged only for the season, she succeeded unaided in drawing great audiences even to small operas. She did so, too, in parts in which Pauline Lucca, the spoilt and ungrateful favourite of opera-goers, had previously shone. . . . By the side of her humorous tone-characters, such as Mozart's Zerline, Rossini's Rosina, and Donizetti's Daughter of the Regiment, she played Gounod's Margarethe, Verdi's *Aida*, and other tragic parts with a degree of virtuosity which announced that this fair and highly-gifted American vocalist, who, starting from her native place, New York, took the path of art *vid* London, Paris, and Vienna, to Berlin, is an adept in French, Italian, and German music, and in no ways a one-sided specialist. We have often discussed her Margarethe in Gounod's opera. We need not say much about it, therefore, now. The golden purity of her intonation, the unvarying certainty with which the note is grasped by the powerful voice, the happy absence of the slightest tremolo, the art with which she takes a note, marking the most ex-

tended and most difficult intervals with unflinching certainty, her wonderfully beautiful high notes, especially *piano* and *pianissimo*, and her fluent ornamentation—all these musical excellencies are united in Margarethe to intelligent, animated delivery, and to expressive, nicely-graduated acting."

Miss Minnie's Cherubino is as highly lauded as her *Aida*. The public are charmed and the critics most eulogistic. *Ex uno disce omnes*:

"The Page, thanks to the perfect virtuosity of Miss Minnie Hauck, again rose to a height of artistically beautiful song, corresponding to the style of Mozart. . . . Whoever has any idea what *beautiful singing* is, and knows that such singing is more especially displayed in a *piano* clear as a bell, will find in Miss Minnie Hauck one of the few who are mistresses in this style, a style to which, on account of the importance now so prevalently attributed to declamatory and so-called dramatic singing, most operatic singers must become greater strangers every day. For Mozart, however, musical correctness and beauty are still the essential elements, and Miss Hauck has again shown by her Page that her thorough Italian training has not caused her to forget, but has taught her how, even in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, to prove herself a mistress of beautiful and artistic singing."

I think the above extracts convincingly bear out my assertion that Miss Minnie is, at the present moment, more popular in Germany than ever she was. F. D. H.

THE LATTER DAYS OF GAETANO DONIZETTI.*

(Concluded from page 568.)

The last effort of the grand intellect destined so soon to extinction was the creation of *Dom Sebastiano*. In that magnificent opera was poured, as from a shattered vase, all the inventive power the unhappy composer had still left him. He himself felt, while writing the work, that his fancy, previously so daring, was exhausted. Nothing had ever caused him such intense fatigue. When his task was completed, he seemed delivered from an incubus; he could not believe he had reached the end, and the man who, when writing one opera had been accustomed to reserve for a subsequent one ideas and harmonies which had flowed too copiously from his pen, was in high glee at having put together *Dom Sebastiano*. On his return, in 1843, from Vienna to Paris, he was tormented throughout the summer by more frequent and more violent returns of those attacks which marked the progress of the insidious and slow disease affecting his brain and spinal marrow. A feeling of stupidity in the head and fits of giddiness, which suddenly exposed him to the danger of falling down as if dead; restlessness and insomnia during long hours of the night; weakness and torpor, that seized on all his limbs, especially his legs, which he was sometimes unable to move forward, stumbling, in consequence, on the most even ground; and a kind of cloud which, almost before he had begun to read a book or had sat down at the piano, obscured his intellect, and caused him to remain for some instants motionless and dazed—such were a few of his symptoms. Meanwhile, he was growing thinner all over his body, which was becoming visibly bent forward towards the left hand. New, harsh, strange lines were traced upon his broad and majestic countenance, which occasionally became discoloured, and suddenly dried up like that of a skeleton. But the whole crowd of these threatening symptoms would vanish for intervals. During the brief moments of restored health, his still lively intellect would reassert itself, and the composer would make an effort to deceive himself and others. This was a foolish challenge hurled at the disease, and the latter took a terrible revenge. In the month of August, 1845, morbid indications of a more alarming character set in. The weakness of his legs reached such a pitch that not only did they stagger his body, but bent completely under, causing him to fall to the ground. An unconquerable drowsiness succeeded the sleepless nights passed in agitation and alarm; during the rare hours of wakefulness his mind formulated confused and unconnected ideas; his memory wandered; the words, the demeanour, and the acts of the sufferer excited compassion by their strange disorder. His intimate friends, greatly alarmed at all these signs, at last applied to two of the leading medical men in Paris, Rostan and Andral. After seeing the patient, these gentlemen declared him to be labouring under a serious affection of the nervous centres.

* From *La Gazzetta dei Teatri*.

They said that every kind of mental application and hard work must be absolutely forbidden, and, having laid down a plan of treatment, which struck them as the most appropriate, they confided the patient to the care of Dr Ricard, another of the most renowned physicians in the French capital.

Bodily and mental repose, together with the learned care of Dr Ricard, arrested for a time the progress of the disease, and, from the end of August to about the middle of September, the appearances of improvement continued so constant, that society, which had been thrown into a state of commotion by the first news of the malady, conceived the brightest hopes of the illustrious composer's recovery. The editors of the papers and the first families in Paris, the ambassadors of Naples, of the Pontifical Court, of Portugal, and of Austria, and the most eminent representatives of science and art, sent every day to make inquiries after his health. No. 1, Rue Grammont, where he resided, was as great an object of observation as though it had been the habitation of a prince. Intelligence was every day despatched to Naples, Rome, Lisbon, Vienna, and Bergamo, and, as it grew more and more reassuring, welcomed as a blessed and unexpected boon. But about the middle of September, the disease took a more unpromising turn than ever. One symptom was nervous agitation, bordering on delirium. Whenever the unhappy sufferer endeavoured to raise himself a little from his recumbent position, and to lean upon his elbow, he experienced at the back of the skull a shock which caused his brain to wander, and filled his mind with terror. On such occasions he was tormented with horrible hallucinations. Sometimes he fancied the floor of his room was giving way beneath him; sometimes he screamed out that a red hot iron was being thrust through his skull, from the nape of his neck to his forehead; and sometimes he would burst out into a paroxysm of fury, and endeavour to flee, under the impression that he heard the house crashing down on him. One morning Accursi, his confidential friend, and the servant left the room for a short time, thinking he would sleep quietly. When they returned they found him stretched upon the ground motionless, and cold as a corpse. They put him into bed, and restored warmth to his limbs, but it was several hours before he gave any signs of consciousness. Even at this wretched and critical period, however, art was able to exert a beneficial influence. During the early days of October his many threatening symptoms grew milder; he was able to rise from his bed; write a few lines to his most intimate friends at a distance; and drag himself out of doors. But his was a miserable existence. His muscles were in such a state of relaxation that not only was he unable to walk without leaning upon the arm of the person with him, but he even found great trouble and difficulty in performing simple movements requiring scarcely the most moderate exertion. In consequence of his body being always bent forward to the right, he walked obliquely, and with such effort that he seemed every moment to have lost his balance, and to be about falling upon his side. But worse than this was the fact that the small amount of intelligence he had recovered sufficed only to make him understand the misery into which he was plunged. In his lucid moments his mind reverted exclusively to his operas, more particularly to *Linda*, *Lucia*, and *Dom Sebastiano*. It seemed to tell him that, if this mortal life was leaving him, his soul would live imperishably in those creations of his genius. But, most frequently, when he opened a score, or touched the piano, after a flash of intelligence which called up for a moment into his haggard face a ray of its old brightness, his limbs would grow rigid, his head droop forward upon his chest, and he would weep bitterly.

A touching episode, relating to this particular phase of his malady, is told by Sig. Ghislanzoni. While Lablache, the celebrated bass, was, with his clever witticisms, entertaining, at Count Saint-Victor's, the select society, composed of the leading celebrities of the Italian and French stage, instrumentalists, literary men, and distinguished artists, who had been convened to spend there the last night of December, 1845, poor Donizetti, formerly *l'enfant gâté* of such meetings, filled the hearts of all present with the most acute grief, and proved that the last spark of his gigantic mind was inexorably extinguished. "*Gemma di Vergy*? Is that a new opera written for our stage by the illustrious composer of *La Favorita*?" inquired one of the guests.—"No, it is an old score, but full of marvellous beauties. You French do not know even a fifth of the works written by the most fertile musical genius Italy has possessed."—Scarcely had Lablache uttered these words,

ere the piano was heard screeching discordantly in the next room, as though a child were running his hand capriciously over the keyboard. "Talking of Donizetti," said Lablache, "there is a new genius who is amusing himself by extemporising infernal melodies at the cost of our Erard."—"It is one of my servants, probably," observed Count Saint-Victor, "who has found musical inspiration at the bottom of the bottles of Burgundy!" and, with these words, he rose from the table to go and surprise the author of the strange symphony.—"Stop!" cried Lablache, laughingly. "It is as well that your ear should learn to bear such sounds. What you hear is the Music of the Future, just introduced by Wagner."—At that moment, two fresh personages, the Marquis de Custine and Dr Duvernoy, appeared on the threshold.—"You have come in the nick of time," said Count de Saint-Victor, shaking hands with the Marquis. "How could the musico-maniac, *par excellence*, the friend of Donizetti, and the admirer of so many harmonic celebrities, resist the attraction of such delicious music?"—"Alas!" replied the Marquis gravely, "He who is thus hammering on your piano is my poor friend, the author of *Lucia* and of *Don Pasquale*—the unfortunate Donizetti." As he spoke, the Marquis's voice trembled convulsively, and there was such an expression of sorrow in his face that all present were deeply moved. Silence reigned throughout the apartment—a lugubrious silence full of grief—and everyone endeavoured to see whether he could not seize some hidden sense in the wild strains. The most inspired, the most sublime music would have failed to excite such intense emotion. The notes expressed the delirium of a diseased intellect, the impotent convulsions of a human machine from which God had withdrawn the vivifying breath of genius. At the same time, they told a story of cruel sorrows, of the difficulties with which poor Donizetti had had to struggle at the commencement of his career, of the persecution of envy, of the long indifference of the public, and of the ease with which they forget! Having gone into the adjoining room, all the guests surrounded, with silent reverence, the unhappy composer, who was seated there. He did not appear to notice them. His body was rigid and motionless. His hands ran, now languidly and now excitedly, over the piano. But extinguished was the light of the once eloquent eye; vanished was the intelligence of the majestic and serene forehead, on which, some months previously, the light of heaven had been reflected!—"Pardon me for having involuntarily caused you so painful a surprise," whispered the Marquis de Custine to Count de Saint-Victor. "I happened to be, this evening, with M. Duvernoy, at the house of my unfortunate friend, who had apparently recovered his old clearness of intellect. The conversation turned upon you.—'I will lay a wager,' said Donizetti, 'that my dear friend, Saint-Victor, will have some music in his rooms this evening, and I am astonished at his not asking me!'"—"You do not require an invitation," I replied. "He is always glad to welcome you!"—"We will see!" With these words, the poor fellow ordered his servant to go for a fiacre, and begged me to accompany him to your house. 'They think I am mad,' he observed, as he was dressing, 'but I will show the fine composers of the Opéra how the inmates of the lunatic asylum known as Italy can write! This week I have written four operas—what do you say to that, Marquis? Four operas in a hundred-and-thirty-four hours! How Meyerbeer will open his eyes! He takes twelve years to put together twelve bars!' Speaking thus, he seized my arm, and, despite my remonstrances and the opposition offered by M. Duvernoy, insisted upon coming to see you."

While the Marquis was offering his excuses to Count de Saint-Victor, Donizetti's features appeared to gain fresh animation, and the sounds he drew from the piano became characterised by greater melody. The persons in the room looked at each other with astonishment. "Still a spark left!" exclaimed M. Duvernoy, casting towards heaven a glance full of hope. Donizetti trembled in every limb. It was the supreme struggle of mind with matter; the last breath of an expiring fancy, soon doomed to be extinguished for ever. Yes! such, indeed, was the case! After he had repeated a few melodies, his arms grew rigid, his brow became clouded, and his heaving breast sent forth a savage shriek: "O, my *Dom Sebastiano*!" Then two large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he was a helpless idiot. M. Duvernoy went up to the illustrious patient, and, grasping his hand, shook him. Seeing the sufferer give no sign of intellectual life, M. Duvernoy remarked to those around: "The very last spark is now extinguished! Donizetti

is no more! What is left us of him is merely a living corpse!" Hardly had the physician uttered these words with a solemn accent before the guests left the room in mournful silence. The illustrious composer was conveyed home again, and an hour afterwards Count de Saint-Victor's apartments were deserted.

WAGNER AT PASDELOUP'S.

A disgraceful scene occurred at the re-opening for the season of M. Pasdeloup's concerts. This gentleman, who is a great admirer of Richard Wagner, introduced into his first programme the Funeral March from the *Götterdämmerung*. In every other city of the civilised world an audience would, at least, have listened in patience to the first rendering of a page of music which, whatever it be, good or bad, has, at all events, the attraction of novelty. If the critics of the Cirque d'Hiver did not like this specimen of the Wagnerite Trilogy, they were not obliged to hear it again. If their political hatred to the German musician was too strong to permit them to pay attention to a page of his works with patience, they should have stopped away altogether, but this attitude did not satisfy their patriotic ardour. They came in crowds, but provided with whistles, in order to prevent the detested music, or rather the music of the detested German, from being heard. In vain did M. Pasdeloup harangue them—in vain did he begin again and again—the rioters refused to leave off, and so excited were they, so great was the confusion, that they continued to hiss even after the overture to *Der Freischütz* had commenced. The conduct of the malcontents can only be compared to their behaviour when, some fifteen years ago, they hissed throughout the entire performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opéra here. I was present on the occasion, and I can positively assert that not one note did I hear during the three hours that the opera was being performed, seemingly in dumb show. Is it worth while to attempt to reason with people who obstinately defile the pure regions of art with their political hatred?—(Paris Correspondent *Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 31.)

THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The annual general meeting of the above Association, for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art, science, and history of music, was held on Monday, at No. 27, Harley Street, W.; Mr W. Chappell, a member of the council, presiding. Among those present were Dr Stainer, M.A., Dr Stone, M.A., Mr C. K. Salaman (hon. secretary), and Mr A. Prendergast, members of the council, &c. Mr Salaman having read the minutes of the last annual meeting, read the report of the committee to the members. It stated that, notwithstanding unavoidable losses from death and retirement, the musical strength of the society remained unimpaired, and now amounted to 170 members. New rules and regulations had been passed at special general meetings held on the 7th of February and the 3rd of April last. They were published with the volume of the Proceedings lately issued, and may be obtained, with the list of members in a separate form, of Messrs Chappell and Co. During the session 1875-76 papers had been read by Mr C. K. Salaman, Mr W. Pole, the Rev. Sir F. G. Ouseley, M.A. (President of the Association), Mr V. de Pontigny, Professor W. H. Monk, of King's College, Dr Stone, Lord Rayleigh, M.A., Professor W. G. Adams, and Mr L. Browne, hon. surgeon and aural surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians, &c. The Association had, therefore, been able to maintain the high standard of scientific interest in the communications addressed to it, which was originally contemplated on its institution. At the same time, the committee begged to suggest to the members generally that much individual activity on their part was needed for the perpetuation of so desirable a condition; and they ventured to hope that short papers, several of which might be taken on the same occasion, and provoke interesting discussion, might be frequently contributed in the course of the ensuing session. The financial position of the Association was unusually satisfactory. The executive had hitherto consisted of nine members, termed the committee. By the new rules, the number was to be raised to ten, to be called the council, five members of which were to retire each year. The tenth member proposed, he added, was Professor Monk. A ballot was then taken for the election of the council and officers for the ensuing year, and the names given in the balloting list were successful, being the same as hitherto, with the addition of Professor Monk. On the motion of Mr Salaman, seconded by Dr Stone, Messrs C. E. Stephens and W. H. Cummings were appointed auditors for the ensuing year; and Mr Otto Goldschmidt was elected a vice-president, on the motion of Dr Bridge, permanent deputy-organist of Westminster Abbey, seconded by Dr C. G. Verrinder. Mr Salaman then expressed a hope that the

members would exert themselves in bringing forward practical papers. They had five already promised for the ensuing session, and three more were required. Those promised were on the following subjects:—"On the sensitiveness of the human ear for pitch and change of pitch of notes in music," by Mr A. J. Ellis; "On John Sebastian Bach's *Art of Fugue*," by Mr J. Higgs; "On the philosophy of harmony," by Dr Pole; "On the gymnastic training of the hand for performing on keyed and stringed instruments," by Mr S. S. Stratton, of Birmingham; and "On music in cathedrals," by Mr W. A. Barrett. Votes of thanks were then passed to the chairman, the treasurer, the council, and the hon. secretary, and the meeting separated.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The principal musical event of the month has been the departure for San Francisco of the great Australian favourite, Miss Emilie Melville. Few vocalists who have appeared before Melbourne audiences for a long time past have so thoroughly succeeded in winning the sincere and genuine admiration of the public as Miss Melville, who, as a *cantatrice* and as a private lady, has earned approval and esteem, which is not frequently accorded to public performers. The talented lady made her final appearance in the Town Hall on the 19th ult., in a concert in which Mrs Cutter, Miss St Clair, Miss Lundborg (a promising and unassuming young pianist), amongst others, took part. The next day Miss Melville left Melbourne for Sydney, *via* California. I do not know what we are to do for an opera company now, having lost our established favourites, Mr and Mrs Bracey, Miss Winston, and Mr Farley, unless our good friend, Mr W. Saurin Lyster, come to the rescue once more, and give us a season or two. An Italian Opera company is spoken about; I do not know with what ground. It is pretty generally understood that Mdle Ilma di Murska will not again return to Victoria. Mr C. A. Tracy gave a lecture on music and a concert of Irish Melodies, in the Athenæum Hall, on the 28th ult.; but, although the matter of the lecture was good, the marks of impatience to hear the music were so continued that the lecturer was obliged to cut short his discourse. The melodies were well rendered. The great musical event looked forward to is the production in Melbourne, for the first time, of Costa's *Elä*.

J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, September 5.

WAIFS.

Sig. Braga intends staying for the winter in Paris.

Charles Kingsley improved: "Men must work and women must dress."

When does a woman most resemble a ship? When she drops her rancour.

Miss Elcho, contralto, has been singing with great success at the Saturday concerts, Langham Hall.

Sig. Tamberlik has returned to Madrid, and appeared in the opera of *Poliuto*. He received an enthusiastic welcome.

Mr Charles H. Shepherd, A.R.A.M., has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St Thomas's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Miss Coyte Turner has been singing with great success, and winning frequent encores, at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

The Brooklyn (U.S.) Philharmonic Society appears to be in a flourishing condition, having cleared above 2,000 dollars last year.

There are certain things in which a man ought to be consistent. For instance, he ought either to give up swearing or family prayers.

The Duke di Bivona has had a theatre built in his mansion at Naples. It is shortly to be inaugurated with a French buffo opera.

M. Paul Rougnon, Professor at the Paris Conservatory, has had the Spanish decoration of Isabella the Catholic conferred upon him.

M. Guiraud has gone to Brussels, for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *Piccolino*, which will be produced almost immediately.

Mad. Harriers-Wippen, formerly of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is giving concerts in Stralsund and Greifswald. She is assisted by Herr de Ahna.

The Société des Concerts of the Paris Conservatory began their rehearsals for the season last Saturday. M. Georges Gillet has been appointed first oboist at these concerts, in the place of M. Cras, who retires.

M. Anton Rubinstein will undertake a tour this winter through Belgium, Holland, and England. He thinks of making a rather longish stay in London.

We understand that the Quartet Society of Herren Franke, Jung, Hollander, and Daubert intend to remain here permanently, and to give concerts in London and the provinces.

At one of the theatres in the suburbs of Munich a piece is now being performed with the promising title of: *The Trumpets of Bayreuth*; or, *the Musical Massacre of the Masses*.

The spectacle of *Sardanapalus* is now in the third month of its run at Booth's Theatre, New York. A new ballet is in active rehearsal. Superb costumes for it have been ordered from Paris.

Mad. Paul Lefebvre, eldest daughter of M. Wolff, the head of Pleyel's pianoforte manufactory, and niece of M. Ambroise Thomas, died recently, aged only twenty, of typhoid fever, in Paris.

M. Matabon has nearly completed a bust of Félicien David for the foyer of the Grand Opéra, Paris. Those who have seen it say that the sculptor has been very happy in producing a striking likeness of the deceased composer.

M. Henri Wieniawski, professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, will, during the present month, make a concert tour, in the course of which he will visit Vienna, Gratz, Prague, Pesth, Breslau, and the leading towns in Galicia.

Mr F. J. Read, a pupil of Dr Sloman, passed his final examination of Mus. Bac., at Oxford, on Wednesday last. We believe that Mr Read, who is only eighteen, is one of the youngest men, if not the youngest man, who has had this degree conferred upon him.

On the 14th inst., M. Nicolai Golz, a member of the ballet at the Royal Opera-house, St Petersburg, will celebrate his fiftieth professional anniversary. He was born in 1800, but, despite his 76 years, he is still one of the most active members of the company. He has appeared in more than 2,000 performances.

Herr Kellerman, formerly a pupil of Liszt's, and now a master in Stern's Conservatory, proposes getting up a performance, at the beginning of next year, in Berlin, of his old teacher's oratorio of *Christus*. It is said that the musical Abbate has promised to attend the performance, but this assertion requires confirmation.

The Forrest Home, an asylum for poor actors, founded by the eminent American tragedian from whom it takes its name, has now been opened some time, but not a single applicant had, up to a very recent date, applied for admission. The fact is, the rules are so severe that an inmate in it would be in pretty well the same condition as in a workhouse.

Les bonheurs ne viennent jamais seuls. Jugez-en. Après Faure, Adelina Patti, qui doit s'arrêter ici le 6 novembre comme dernière étape de son voyage en Russie. Reims sera la seule ville du Nord et de l'Est qui l'entendra. Enfin, en décembre, Nilsson nous rendra visite. Nous devons être menacés de quelque calamité pour une telle profusion de joies. — *Journal de Reims*.

A young lady can scarcely play Juliet effectively with the skin scraped off the tip of her nose. Miss Mary Anderson, while impersonating the fair Capulet at Louisville, U.S., a short time since, bumped her nose dreadfully as she was supposed to fall dead. She injured the organ in question so seriously that she was compelled to play Meg Merrilies for an entire week afterwards.

The first concert this season of Stern's Gesangverein, Berlin, was announced to take place, under Herr Julius Stockhausen, to-day, Nov. 4th, the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death. The programme was to include the Ninety-Eighth Psalm, Motets for female voices, and the Finale from *Lorely* (all compositions by Mendelssohn), together with Mozart's "Maurerische Musik" (not "Maurische Musik," as it is often erroneously called).

Considerable anxiety and consternation were excited a few evenings since at a public ball in Scarborough. During the second figure of the quadrille a hollow spherical object of wire and canvas was discovered on the floor in the centre of one of the sets. Nobody appeared to know what it was or whence it came, but several young men were observed to snigger audibly as an attendant removed the strange object. Four young ladies, too, left the ballroom in hot haste the moment the quadrille concluded.

Mad. Adelina Patti has been authorised to give four concerts in France, previous to her departure for Russia. The first concert was announced to take place at Nantes on Saturday last. Two were then to be given at Bordeaux, and the final one at Rheims. Mad. Patti's brother artists are Sig. Urto, as tenor; Sig. Bonnetti, as barytone; M. Castellan, as violinist; M. Bretnier, as pianist; and Sig. Peruzzi, as accompanist. The tour is under the business direction of Sig. Franchi. Mad. Patti receives for her services the trifling sum of 40,000 francs.

Mr Peck has announced his intention of giving a series of ten popular concerts at the Music Hall, Boston (U.S.), provided he receives sufficient encouragement from the sale of season tickets, at four dollars each. His scheme is a novel one. On some of the evenings he proposes having operatic representations. For these he would engage different companies, namely: Rudolphsen's English Opera Company, the Boston Lyceum Opera Company, and the Bay State Opera Company. Lucas and the Sisters Hyers would appear in the musical drama, *Out of Bondage*. Mr Peck also contemplates securing the services of the Sharland Choral Society, numbering 250 voices; of the concert company under Mrs H. M. Smith and Mr M. W. Whitney; of the Cecilia and Temple Quartets; of the Barnabee Concert Company; of the Philharmonic Club; of the Carreno-Sauret Concert Company; and of the New York Mozart Club. Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mme Madeline Schiller would likewise figure among the attractions.

TRIESTE.—The Municipality will contribute a thousand pounds towards a Politeama to be erected by a joint-stock company.

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Act I.

PRELUDE

CHORUS "Now the magic spells are broken."

CONCERTED PIECE "Welcome to the golden spear."

" " " " "A pretty sort of riot this."

*SONG (Soprano) "What is love?"

FINALE "Since your master will not pay."

Act II.

ENTR'ACTE.

HUNTING CHORUS "Away, away."

SONG (Baritone) "Ah, who can tell the mad delight."

*SONG (Tenor) "Love is oft a sea of trouble."

HUNTING BALLET.

*DUET (Soprano and Tenor) "Lovely maiden, why so coy?"

QUARRELLING QUARTET "Men are fickle."

*SONG (Contralto) "Chivalry" ("In days of old.")

CONCERTED PIECE "The enchanter, Montesinos."

CHORUS OF DUENNAS "We are poor weak things."

CHORUS "Now through the air."

FINALE "Welcome knight and welcome squire."

Act III.

ENTR'ACTE.

CHORUS "All is ready."

CHORUS "Hail, mighty governor."

*SONG (Comic) "A Song of Promises."

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